

My World

Cyndi Thomson

My world is one long hot day in Georgia
Till the moon shines through the pines
And my world is sweet as the honeysuckle
Hangin' from the vineWhat's it like in your world, baby?
Won't you let me in?
What's it like in your world, baby?
Maybe our worlds can meet againYou drove through town on your way to somewhere
Just like everybody does
You stopped for gas and a bag o' peaches
And we talked just long enoughWhat's it like in your world, baby?
Won't you let me in?
What's it like in your world, baby?
Maybe our worlds can meet againI wanna go where I've never been
An' let the wind blow through my hair
I wanna know what it's like to take a road
Just because it's thereMy world turns slow as molasses
And you drove away so fast
You disappeared down route eighty-seven
Where there ain't no comin' backWhat's it like in your world, baby?
Won't you let me in?
What's it like in your world, baby?
Maybe our worlds can meet again

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